

Uchiha

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Summary: SI. Some AU, minor OC's. Fem!Naruto, if that's your jam. Inspired mainly by The Weight of the World (Tsume Yuki) and darkpetal's Sakura. I've read stories where people hop dimensions before. Never thought it'd happen to me, nevermind that I'd land in the body of the Angsty Antihero of Naruto! Can I make a difference? I'll try, just gotta hit puberty first. Being a kid again sucks.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Naruto â€“ Uchiha\*\*

\*\*Chapter 1: Reborn\*\*

Unlike what tends to happen in the majority of fantastical stories that I've readâ€"in both of my livesâ€"there was no major, defining moment that signaled the complete upheaval of my existence. I didn't go through a near-death or actual-death experience, there was no moment of cosmic or divine intervention or inspiration, or any of that crap. Hell, come to think of it I probably would have had an easier time accepting everything had either of those actually happened.

Instead, I went to sleep in my decently-sized bed, in my decently-sized room, in my decently-sized apartment after an average day of universityâ€"fell asleep in a lecture, wrote a quiz in another, flirted with a girl in a third, skipped the restâ€"and woke up in a too-large bed, in a too-large room, that I later discovered was part of a too-large house.

Initially, I suspected nothing wrong. I tend to not be the most attentive or alert of individuals first thing in the morning, so when I rolled out of bed I didn't immediately make the connection that my 'bed' was directly on the floor and a Japanese-style futon. Absently I stood, yawning and scratching at my chest that felt suspiciously

less hairy and less muscled, with a hand that didn't have nearly the reach it should have, but again, see the inattentive-in-the-morning bit above.

Anyway, the first inkling I had that something was not quite right was when I reached for the door and missed. My bedroom was of a decent size, but so was I, and I had staggered half-asleep, half-drunk, and half-everything else from my bed to the hall enough times in the year I had been living there that I could do it blindfolded. So when I took my usual four steps, reached for the doorknob and gripped nothing but air, I was understandably vexed. I made another half-hearted grab with eyes still half-shut, got nothing, sighed, and finally peered around.

I then shut my eyes, counted to ten, pinched myself for good measure, and opened them again.

Thisâ€¢this was not my bedroom. My bedroom was about twelve feet by sixteen, with exactly seven features: my bed, my closet, my weights, a small end table with assorted knick-knacks, my chair, my desk, and the computer on said desk. The walls were also a plain, drab eggshell white that I had done my best to liven up with assorted posters.

THIS room was significantly bigger, with only a futon, compact dresser, a large wooden chest, and what looked like a sword rack of some description spaced around it. Furthermore, the walls were dark lacquered wood and soft white paint, with the only decoration being a disturbingly familiar red and white fan stenciled above the bed. From the single window, sunlight streamed in at an angle that was totally wrong for a basement apartment, to say nothing of the fact that the window itself was on my right when it should have been on the left.

"What the fuck?" I whispered, and then nearly crapped my pants at how \_strange\_ my voice sounded. It was stupidly high-pitched for one, it reminded me of old videos I had seen of myself when I was a kid. Also, the words sounded a littleâ€¢weird. "What the devil is going on?"

Nope, not hallucinating. Those were definitely not words from the English language, though I understood them perfectly anyways.

"W-wheyre e-em ai?" I tried speaking again, deliberately in English this time, and it came out accented and odd. Almost as if it was no longer my native tongue, even though I knew words in my head and roughly how to pronounce them, at least in theory.

I felt a monster headache coming on. None of this was making any damn sense, and I really needed it to right now. So I decided to do what I always do when I'm running in mental circles: use the washroom and take a shower. Hey, they say a routine keeps people grounded and sane, and those two things are an essential part of mine.

I nearly had another mini-freakout when I reached the door to myâ€¢this bedroom, and noticed both that I barely reached the halfway point in its height, and that it was a sliding door like I had seen in manga and anime. I resolutely ignored these oddities, in favour of the increasingly desperate thought that all of this would make sense

if I could just take a piss and scald myself in a shower.

Entering into a hallway styled in the same manner as the room I awoke in, my feet took me in a direction that I knew without knowing would lead to the bathroom. After a few seconds walking, during which I passed by one other door that I somehow knew wasn't the right one, I reached a door that was odd in the fact it was Western-styled, with a knob and lock in brass, though still made from that same dark wood. I opened it and found inside a bathroom that wouldn't look out of place in a nice house in an upscale neighbourhood.

White tile and marble fixtures were dominant. Silvered knobs and faucets for the sink and bathtub, which was separate from a glass-enclosed, stand-up shower. A (thank fucking God) porcelain toilet that looked near enough to what I was used to was separated slightly from the sink by a small half-wall.

Well. At least there's a normal bathroom hereâ€¢ wherever here \_is\_.

I padded over to the sink, where a small stool was tucked underneath to allow shorter people to reach the faucets and mirror â€¢ which apparently included myself in whatever fever dream this was turning out to be â€¢ and I stepped up and peered at my reflection.

I frowned. Closed my eyes, counted to ten, and opened them again. Then I pinched myself, hard as I could, until the skin between my nails was white and bloodless, and the sting was bordering on actual pain rather than a severe annoyance.

There was no change in what I saw. Reflected back at me in the pristine surface of the mirror was a small child, no more than four or five at most, judging by the baby fat clinging to the face, which already held a hint of fine, almost delicate features. Midnight black hair, falling in loose spikes to frame the face and stuck up wildly on the back, matched eyes that were an unsettling solid onyx.

I was, to put it bluntly, a child. A freaking adorable one, if I did say so myself, but a child nonetheless.

The kid'sâ€¢myâ€¢appearance was also unsettlingly familiar. As in, I was pretty sure that I'd seen a one-for-one rendition of this very face somewhere else before, though I couldn't place exactly where.

I prodded at my face, experimenting. My lips stretched and deformed when I pulled and squeezed with my fingers, my nose wiggled when I willed it to, and when I tried a variety of facial expressions, from a wide smile to a frown and a grimace, everything changed accordingly. Even if a part of my brain insisted it all would look adorable to anyone watching.

Fortunately, that was not the case.

"Right. So this is either the weirdest, most realistic dream I've ever had, or the biggest trip I've also ever had. Except the last I knew, I was asleep, so unless someone snuck in and drugged me in my room." I briefly considered that idea. My roommate was enough of a bastard that him doing something of the sort was a possibility, but that had its own problems.

The first being that I'm a light sleeper. Well, when I'm not drunk, but I digress. I nearly have to have been drugged in the first place in order for Rick to sneak in and somehow dose me with something.

Second, drugging a sleeping man just doesn't have the requisite level of hilarity for the kind of shenanigans that my roommate and I like to pull with each other. It would be much funnier if he slipped something into my drink, so that I'd be going on a lucid trip and he could laugh while I made an arse of myself.

Yes, my friend is a dick. I'd do the same, given the opportunity. What else are friends for?

So, I could probably rule out being drugged, then. Which left a disturbingly real dream as my only explanation for whatever was going on. Thankfully, I had a nearly foolproof method of determining the validity of that idea.

Lucid dreaming is not something new to me. Even when I was a kid, I had a bit of an active imagination, and I enjoyed trying to shape my dreams into cool things as I fell asleep. It was something I kept up into my adult years, because if I'm gonna dream of something it may as well be cool, right? Anyway, in order to determine whether or not I was dreaming, I discovered early on that if I attempted to perform two specific actions, no matter what I was dreaming of, I could either break out of the dream and wake myself up, or assert the fact that I was actually awake and just losing my mind slightly.

What are these crucial actions, you ask?

Showering and taking a crap.

Yes, I was weird. Yes, it made no damn sense. But did it work? Always. Dreams are the stuff of fantasy, the impulses of the subconscious mind trying to accomplish the impossible by manipulation a false reality. So by doing something so utterly banal and normal, I would hopefully determine which reality was the one I currently inhabited. I'd never once had a dream where I'd been able to do both of those things without waking.

So my path was simple then. I'd use the toilet and hop into that nice shower, and I would undoubtedly wake up from this odd dream before I finished with either of the two.

I moved over to the toilet first. After finishing up my business and washing my hands back at the sink, I was beginning to get a little nervous. This was very weird, but it had happened before—admittedly I'd been high as a kite that night when I went to bed, and so my dreams were more lucid and crazy than normal, but still. There was precedent, flimsy though it was. So I got into the shower next.

Ten minutes later, I stepped out of the shower as the last of the water swirled down the drain. I calmly reached for a towel and dried off, before wrapping it around my waist, collecting the loose shorts and pants I'd been wearing when I woke, and walked back to my bedroom. I dropped the clothes and towel into a small wash basket that I hadn't noticed during my first scan of the space, before searching through the dresser. My hands knew without my conscious input where to search for a fresh pair of underwear, boxers, thank

fuck, shirt, and pants.

When I saw the uchiwa fan splayed across the back of the shirt I picked out, matching that of the one painted on the wall, my oh-so carefully held calm nearly crumbled, but somehow I held on. I donned the clothes and promptly crawled back into the futon with every intention of going back to sleep until I woke up for \_real\_, in my own perfectly normal bed, in my normal room, that was a plain plaster white with decidedly Western furniture.

Sleep did not return to me. I hauled the upper sheets and blanket over my head and curled up as comfortably as possible, waiting to drift off and awake again, but it was not meant to be. I lay there for what could have been minutes or hours, listening to the sound of my own breathing, until the sound of the door opening made me adjust the covers just enough to peer through a tiny hole.

Standing in the doorway with a concerned expression on his face, a face that I knew all too well, that was impossible to \_not\_ know, really, was a boy in a chuunin vest and dark clothes. He had the same onyx eyes as my reflection had, black hair tied back in a ponytail that wasn't quite as long as I was used to seeing, and the beginnings of his characteristic facial lines already tracing along his cheeks.

Standing in the doorway was Uchiha Itachi.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So. I have read a foolish amount of Fanfiction lately, and this is an idea that's been booting around in the noggin for a while now. To the best of my knowledge, there are no Sasuke self-inserts. Or if there are, I cannot find them, so please do point me in the right direction if anyone knows of any!<strong>

\*\*Anyways, I decided to have a go at writing again. It used to be something I really enjoyed, but I've let it fall to the wayside since I finished high school. I just finished this chapter tonight (April 9, 2016), and I will try to get another up before next Sunday. I have some rough ideas for how I want this to turn out, however I don't know the Naruto storyline very well, especially Shippuden, and I know absolutely nothing of the various specials and movies, so if the plot turns out to be something totally unexpected, that's why.\*\*

\*\*That isn't to say that I won't be covering canon events, because I will. I'll just be...interpreting them with creative license, along with some other changes. I'm the sort of person who likes it when an author puts their own spin on things, but not to the point where the original material is totally absent.\*\*

\*\*...I think I've lost track of where I was going with this, so I'll say this instead: give this a shot, let me know what you think. Or ignore it entirely, it's up to you. I'm writing this for mostly selfish purposes anyway.\*\*

\*\*May the Derp be with You\*\*

\*\*Chapter 2: Itachi\*\*

"Sasuke?" Itachi called softly, concern lacing his voice, and damn if that didn't make my heart pound and head spin. "Are you well? It is nearly noon, otouto."

Fuuuuck, there is no way that this isn't a dream. I ignored Itachi and buried my head back under the sheets and pillow, trying valiantly to force myself to wake the fuck up from this insanity.

A slight scuff was the only warning I had before I felt a gentle pull on the blankets. Itachi's face appeared, startlingly close, and it was all I could do to not recoil away. He caught the flinch anyway, because he's \_Uchiha Itachi\_, and backed off slightly.

"Sasuke, what is wrong? Did you have a nightmare? I cannot help you if you don't talk to me, otouto." Again, nothing but concern writ in his voice and on his face. It was unnerving to see such devotion for a person in another, to know that Itachi's love for his brother would allow him the strength to commit a sin almost beyond compare. It was even more unnerving to think that he believed that person to be \_me\_.

Itachi's hands moved forward, slowly and carefully, until one was resting on my shoulder and the other on my forehead. The part of my brain that somehow thought I was Sasuke wanted to lean into to touch, draw comfort from it, but I squashed the feeling down. Believing even further than I had already into this dream would do me no good in the long run.

"You're burning up, otouto, you have a fever." Itachi admonished gently. "Why didn't you say anything?"

Huh. I hadn't noticed. But then again, since this was all a dream why would I? I'd never been sick in a dream before. Once Itachi had said it though, I was acutely aware of how cold and flushed I felt, and the headache that had been building in the background as well. Fuck, this was so not my day.

Itachi was still looking expectantly at me, and I realized that he was still waiting for an explanation.

"Iâ€|didn't notice." I said quietly, not meeting his eyes.

"You didn't notice?" If he were a different man, Itachi's tone would likely have been incredulous. As it was, he sounded nearly as mild as before, though I could feel his eyes on me.

"I have a headache." I explained. \_And none of this can be real, so why am I even bothering with excuses?\_

Maybe if I told myself that enough, I'd start to believe it. As it was, I didn't know what to believe, and so defaulted to my usual tactic when I'm not sure of what to think, say, or do: stubborn silence.

Itachi sighed softly and stood. "Stay in bed. I will make you some tea and send someone to let Kaa-san know that you are unwell."

A moment later he was gone, the door sliding shut softly behind him.

I hauled the blankets back up over my head once more and closed my eyes. I had to wake up soon, right? Even for a lucid dream this was getting ridiculous.

Yes, I was still holding on to the idea, nay, the hope, that I was dreaming. Because the alternative was far to worrying to think about.

\*\* |Uchiha| \*\*

Uchiha Itachi was concerned. This was a rare thing, despite the fact that he was a shinobi, a profession in which the average life expectancy was drastically less than almost any other, and also despite the fact that he had been so since he was six years old. In general, Itachi did not feel an abundance of concern; this stemmed from the fact that he was a genius, a prodigy beyond compare, and he knew that between the skills he was born with and later honed â€" and continued to hone â€" to perfection, along with his advanced mental faculties, meant that he was almost always invariably prepared for any situation. Even during the rare occurrences when he was caught off guard, or the variables changed suddenly and completely, Itachi was more than capable of adapting and turning any situation back into his advantage.

True concern was not something that Itachi had experienced for many years, and so to be suddenly blindsided by it one spring morning was both galling and deeply unnerving. What was more, the fact that it was Sasuke at the source of it only made Itachi more unsettled.

Itachi knew that, for all his skill and intelligence, for all that his peers and his clan waxed lyrical about his prodigious status, he was not perfect. Like most child geniuses, Itachi knew that his social skills were somewhat lacking if compared to another of similar age and development. He also knew that if he were to admit his weakness, a true weakness that, if exploited properly had the potential to cause him to come undone, it was Sasuke. Sasuke was the reason Itachi pushed himself to be better than perfect, to not rest on the laurels of natural talent but instead combine it with hard work in order to be something even better. Sasuke was his to protect and cherish, and the Shinigami would have to take him kicking and screaming before he failed in that mission.

So, when Itachi had returned to his parent's house at noon after a morning of training and detected his brother's chakra still in his room, as it had been when Itachi had left with the rising sun, he was at first curious. Why would his little brother still be home, and abed if the lack of sounds of movement were anything to go by? Today was something of a rarity in the main Uchiha household, in that Sasuke was alone in the house since Itachi had training, their Father had been sleeping at the office for the past week trying to sort out a particularly trying case, and their mother had been up and gone even earlier than Itachi on clan business.

Normally, on the rare days when he had the house to himself Sasuke could be counted on to be in the dojo trying to mimic Itachi's training, or at one of the parks in the district playing with the other children. Although he was clearly intelligent and would dutifully complete his lessons like he was supposed to, Sasuke was also five, and enjoyed running about and having adventures like any

other child. Thus, it had been strange to find him still at home with half the day already gone.

Itachi had thought, for a very brief moment as he'd walked upstairs to Sasuke's bedroom, that maybe his brother had decided to get serious about his clan lessons and history and was reading. Except that didn't make any sense, because even accounting for that remote possibility Sasuke much preferred to read outside in the sun.

Curiosity now fully aroused, Itachi had purposefully made his footsteps audible as he approached the door before sliding it open without knocking. He'd been expecting to perhaps see Sasuke practicing handseals, or reading, or something else innocuous in a slightly abnormal setting.

Itachi had not expected to see the shape of his little brother curled up in his futon, blankets drawn fully over his head with only a small gap through which a single dark eye peered through. Shock was also an emotion that Itachi hadn't had much experience with lately, but he felt it keenly nonetheless when his normally lively little brother was laid up in bed at midday. Concern rapidly replaced the shock, and after a long second Itachi had asked if Sasuke was feeling unwell. It was the only conceivable reason he could think for his brother's strange behaviour.

Sasuke didn't answer and instead withdrew into the blankets, and Itachi barely had a moment to contemplate the fact that his brother had pulled away from him before his body was moving and he pulled the covers away gently but firmly. When Sasuke had flinched, actually flinched away like Itachi was a stranger he'd felt something twist painfully in his chest and it was all he could do to not sweep his otouto up into a hug and beg him for forgiveness for whatever it was he'd done.

As it was, Itachi barely managed to control himself, and instead backed off slightly to give Sasuke the space he obviously needed. Maybe it had been an especially bad nightmare? Sasuke was only five, after all, and Itachi knew that dreams could be lucid enough that sometimes it was hard to tell them from reality for a short time after waking. So he asked Sasuke as much, and again got no answer.

It was then that Itachi noticed the suspicious flush on his brother's cheeks, and carefully laid his hand across Sasuke's brow while the other found his shoulder. Sasuke was hot to the touch and trembling very slightly, and Itachi cursed mentally. His foolish little brother had a fever, not an overly bad one by the feel of it, but enough that he was probably a little lightheaded. While that could explain the strange reaction when Itachi had entered the room, what it didn't explain was why Sasuke still had spoken, and wouldn't meet his eyes.

Normally Sasuke was at least as attached to Itachi as he was to his little brother. The few times that Sasuke had been sick since he was old enough to walk and talk he had always asked for his aniki, and Itachi indulged him whenever he was home and able to do so. The fact that Sasuke hadn't immediately asked for them to spend the rest of the day with together concerned Itachi greatly, but he was still willing to give his little brother the benefit of the doubt. Maybe he

was feeling more poorly than he was letting on?

Itachi had reprimanded Sasuke for not saying anything sooner, and for trying to downplay his illness, and frowned briefly when Sasuke still refused to speak or look up. But Itachi was nothing if not patient, and he was determined to get Sasuke to tell him what was wrong.

It was several long minutes before Sasuke had given a small sigh and, instead of coming clean or apologizing for being reticent and causing him to worry, he told Itachi that he hadn't noticed.

Hadn't noticed? Hadn't noticed that he was burning up with fever, was trembling enough that Itachi could feel it? What did that even mean? Itachi had heard such excuses from comrades trying to be macho and play off injuries, but never anything of the sort from Sasuke.

Itachi had echoed Sasuke's words back at him almost without thinking, and somehow that prompted his brother to add that he had a headache before going utterly silent again.

Itachi had simply stared, unable to comprehend this new, unexpected, and wholly unwelcome aspect of his brother. He had continued to lay there, totally unrepentant and still not looking at Itachi, his demeanor giving off the impression that he would much rather be alone.

Such a thing was so unlike Sasuke it put Itachi's normally sharp mind into a spinning freefall of confusion. He'd said something about staying in bed while he made tea and notified their mother, and left the room in a daze. The moment the door had shut Itachi heard a slight rustle of fabric and knew that if he would have peeked back in Sasuke would be buried once more under the blankets.

Itachi's mind felt like it was sprinting in a thousand different directions at once as he made Sasuke's tea and tried to figure out just what in the name of Kami was going on with his brother. No matter what he thought of though, nothing just seemed to make even the slightest bit of sense.

Sasuke was feeling unwell, that was clear, but didn't account for such a drastic behavioral change. He should have been sulky and clingy, not silent and withdrawn. Itachi dismissed the idea of nightmares almost immediately when it came back around to the fore of his mind. If Sasuke had had a nightmare bad enough to affect him so, Itachi would have been awoken in the middle of the night by his otouto slipping into his futon to sleep with him.

For a second or two Itachi considered the possibility that one of their parents had said or, Shinigami take them, done something to Sasuke. But again, that possibility was so far beyond remote it almost didn't bear consideration. Fugaku had been at the station all week and hadn't even seen his younger son in as many days, while their mother, Mikoto had always been an advocate of Sasuke's wellbeing above all else. Itachi knew that she still felt guilty over the fact that he'd been enrolled in and allowed to graduate the Academy so young, and by extension missed out on anything that could remotely have been called a childhood, and so was determined not to

see Sasuke on the same path.

For the first time ever something was wrong with Sasuke that Itachi couldn't immediately identify or fix, and the thought was stirring a feeling in him uncomfortably close to fear.

Itachi finished making the tea and poured some into Sasuke's favorite mug, a plain white thing decorated with little Uchiha fans around the rim, with a large chipped handle that cousin Shisui had given him for his last birthday. When Itachi reentered Sasuke's room he saw that his otouto was still wrapped up completely in his blankets. This time though, he didn't even peek out when Itachi entered and padded over to kneel next to the futon.

"I've brought you tea, otouto," Itachi said in barely a whisper as he set the mug down next to the futon. "Will you please tell me what I can do to make you feel better?"

There was a long pause, and just when Itachi thought that Sasuke meant to ignore him again, his brother pulled the blankets down and sat up. Itachi felt a small spike of relief shoot through him when Sasuke finally looked at him and met his eyes, but that feeling died a swift and terrible death when their gazes met.

If there was one thing that Sasuke had always struggled with, it had been concealing his emotions. Oh he'd learned the patented Uchiha poker face easily enough, even if he did still struggle with it sometimes, but for the most part Sasuke didn't try to hide his feelings around the clan anyways, and especially not with Itachi. Their father was always chastising him about it, which Itachi found annoying, but even when Sasuke did make the effort he still hadn't gotten the hang of mastering his eyes. Itachi could look Sasuke in the eyes any time of day and know immediately what his otouto was thinking, poker face or not.

Except, apparently, today. Sasuke's eyes revealed a whirlwind of emotion that was so mixed and mercurial that it was impossible to pin anything definite down. Itachi caught flashes of what could have been extreme confusion or distress, and something that might have been a hint of frustration, but it only lasted for the briefest of moments before Sasuke somehow closed off entirely and his eyes and face went as frozen and blank in a mask that Itachi had only seen on the most veteran shinobi.

"Thank you for the tea." Sasuke's voice was distant and polite, as if he was talking to a complete and utter strange and not his beloved older brother, and Itachi simply had no idea of how to even begin to think to respond.

Instead, he simply nodded, numb, and retreated to the door. Sasuke's mask was still in place when he averted his eyes and reached for the tea, and Itachi had to leave because he just couldn't handle seeing that empty expression on his little brother's face.

It was the work of a moment for Itachi to school his own features into his typical collected veneer before he burst from the house with speed normally reserved for A-rank missions. Two rapid shunshins and less than forty seconds after leaving Sasuke's bedroom Itachi had located and was approaching his mother's chakra signature, which placed her as being in the Nakano Shrine. His mind flagged the

location as odd given the time of day, but Sasuke was paramount, and absently filed the information away for later perusal.

A leafless shunshin transported Itachi through the open window into the shadowed interior of the shrine, where he immediately spotted his mother conversing with two elderly women doing needlework and burning incense. He knew their names but they were unimportant at best, and so Itachi ignore them wholesale as he moved toward his mother. She'd sensed him the moment he'd entered the shrine, probably a little before that since she had been jounin before she'd retired and he was making no effort to mask his chakra.

"Itachi? What's wrong?" Itachi saw his mother surreptitiously palm a kunai from the sleeve of her kimono and her Sharingan flashed into its first stage as she turned to face him. His mother had always been able to read him when no one else could, and Itachi knew that to her he might as well have been screaming at the top of his lungs that something was wrong.

Not that he would ever actually do something so uncouth, but the point remained, and he was pleased to see that she was prepared to respond to any threat immediately.

"It's Sasuke," he said gravely. "There's something wrong."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I meant to get this out earlier in the week, I really did, but as everyone knows sometimes life decides to take your plans and toss them to the wind. Anyway, this is chapter two (durr) and I wanted to provide some background for the nature of Itachi's relationship with Sasuke, as well as reinforce the idea that the MC is still disbelieving of his new situation. I realize that the SI part was quite small in this chapter, because I wanted it to be present but still have focus on Itachi's first impression of the 'new' Sasuke. Expect the theme of reactions to Sasuke's new personality to continue, as well as the SI's continued denial for the next few chapters. I don't want to beat a dead horse, but at the same time one of the things I dislike about SI fics is how easily they tend to just up and accept the new reality with barely any appreciable effort or concern. I get that it makes a little more sense if you kill your SI in their own world first and you establish their subscription to the idea of cosmic rebirth, but given that Naruto is a wholly fictional universe I think it makes more sense to show just a bit more reluctance to belief than most SI fics bother with.<strong>

\*\*I didn't mean for that to get so bash-y, nor long-winded, but look at that: it happened anyway.\*\*

\*\*Back to the stuff I meant to talk about. I have a pretty good plotline for this sketched out, with my own twists on canon that I think people will like, so if you're reading then please do stick around. Oh, and also feel free to point out any spelling or hideous grammatical errors. I'm usually good with catching both, though sometimes they get through.\*\*

\*\*May the Derp be with You\*\*

End  
file.